1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

511 superfluous needs to be dispensed with every time camp is moved,
361 which occurs every few days. Only in thoughts and feelings can they be as rich as any other people; but this requires a particular kind of temperament possessed by only a few individuals in the tribe.

182 Their economic life, social organization, mythology, and religion form a well-knit pattern of existence. There are no loose ends, but a knot here and there appears in the form of vagueness or contradiction. But I think that the fault lies with us who would introduce our type of organization into their knowledge. We expect more from a primitive group than we ourselves could offer. Besides, it is doubtful whether we ever present the picture of their culture as they see it; if we did we might not understand or we might even be surprised at its orderliness.

177 Although the Yaruros have been in touch with Euro-American cul-
121 ture for several centuries they have borrowed remarkably little. What culture they possessed several centuries ago we do not know. There is practically no information about them in the literature. There is justification, therefore, in publishing this record, in spite of many apparent deficiencies. Since plans for another visit to fill in the gaps in my field notes have not materialized and the Yaruros may be gone before another ethnologist can live with them it seems advisable to make this material available.

121 Anthropology, among other things, is concerned with the interrelationships of groups of men and with the functions of social structures as developed by man and his environment. I have tried to keep in mind that in presenting a first account of an unknown people it may not be at all out of place to draw a general but intimate picture of the daily life of the Yaruros, their emotional, cognitive and conative responses to the world about them, and even their attitude toward the ethnologist who appeared among them with only the objective of hold-
● 123 ing friendly conversations about themselves. At first they were suspicious, but they soon caught the point and enjoyed the experience as much as I did. An attempt has been made to give these pictures, and to explain the series of events which made possible with these nomads the intimate association that followed the first few days of unfriendliness.

124 No attempt has been made to reconcile differences in the information
128 obtained from various informants, not even if there is a contradiction. It was the first time that the Yaruros had been asked to organize their knowledge of their own culture; contradictions and vagueness were to be expected. My informants were exclusively men, even for those
123 phases of culture which admittedly belong to the female world. A cultural obstacle which I respected prevented any direct social intercourse with the women. The women's domain is respected by the

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

123 men. A female ethnologist might get an interesting, and perhaps different, picture of Yaruro culture. I do know that there were many things, especially in the field of shamanism, from which I was shut off. The Yaruros saw this and the women relayed a pressing request that on my next visit to them I bring my "wife" (I have none!), with whom they could lie on the sands at night and tell things about their world similar to what their men told me.

My visit took place in the months of February, March, and April of 1934. Several species of intestinal parasites acquired in Brazil not only precluded my roaming about the countryside, but forced the Yaruros to attend me day and night for many weeks, giving ample opportunity—once it lasted for thirty-four consecutive hours—to talk. A sedentary life is so foreign to a nomadic people that this chance to corner them for "talk" was too good to miss. In fact, after a while it was becoming too much for them, and besides, hunting in the area became impractical. Everything considered, we reached a saturation point and I started on my way back. Many of these friends may be dead by now.

The Yaruros and Their Country

YARURO DAILY LIFE

101 131 181 Peaceful and mystical, the Yaruros, or Pumeh as they call themselves, wander up and down the Capanaparo and Sinaruco Rivers (fig. 15) gathering their daily dinner and thinking about the life awaiting them in the Land of Kuma when they leave this world.

361 133 As dawn breaks over the hills of Guiana we may discover a Yaruro camp on one of the sandy beaches of the Capanaparo River about a day's journey by canoe from where it flows into the Orinoco. It appears as a dark blotch on the wind-packed white sands at a distance of some 50 yards from the water's edge and more than that from the wall of vegetation which marks the bank of the river during the rainy season and hides the open savanna country beyond. The camp gives no sign of life until the sun shows clearly in the sky. Then we see that it consists of some leafy branches and 3-foot sticks bare of bark thrust in the sands, casting long shadows in the early morning to where the vultures are fighting among themselves at the refuse heap located to the west of the camp; or the white vulture, the "king," may be seen feasting alone while his black brethren await disconsolately on the side.

361 As the light becomes stronger we make out under the branches piles of debris, recumbent human forms, and mangy dogs tied to the sticks. The debris consists of baskets and pots, with here and there small

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

paddle up the five rivers: the Apure, Arauca, Capanaparo, Sinaruco, and the Meta. In the dry season it is possible to make one's way southward from Caracas by way of Ortiz, Calabozo, San Fernando de Apure, to San Juan de Payara by automobile, and then on horseback to Cunaviche and beyond. Beginning our journey from Caracas at the end of January, we followed the latter route.

San Juan de Payara and Cunaviche are ancient colonial mission villages and the farthest outposts of civilization in the llanos. There are no missions there now. Their populations are typically llanero; that is, civilized mixed bloods. We rode southward across the dry and sandy plains, over which roam herds of wild cattle and horses. Mirages, which amazed the widely traveled Humboldt, were frequent. In the treeless plains forests were suspended in the sky, horses ran through the air, and great clear lakes stretched out before us. But water was scarce, and had we not been guided by men who knew every square inch of the ground we should have suffered for lack of it. We picked up our guides in relays on the way, a merry, capable lot, with much Indian blood in their veins, conscious of being free men of the llanos whom no dictator nor army has been able to tame. At night, if we stopped at a ranch, we listened to cowboy songs accompanied by the harp and rattle, music which reflected Indian, Spanish, and Negro influences. Our meager baggage was carried by an unwilling bull. Using a common cowboy expedient, we tied its nose to the guide's horse's tail and the bull was literally dragged all the way to El Buron.[2]

We made our first contact with the Yaruros at El Buron, a ranch owned by Don Manuel Hurtado. Don Manuel, like most of the native llaneros, is sympathetic to the Yaruros, and keeps on friendly terms with them. With his help and that of his household, particularly a young woman called Maria, we attempted to establish friendly relations with the Yaruros. In the llanos human beings are not plentiful, and consequently, it doesn't occur to them to erect social barriers that would tend to keep various groups apart.

There was not much about the camp of the Yaruros to interest the casual glance. There were present about a dozen women, eight men, and some children. The extreme poverty and simplicity of the camp were its outstanding features. There were no houses, nor shelters of any sort; only a few old baskets, a few sticks, a few rags, calabashes and water jars, and a few seminaked human beings lying half buried in the sand under the shade of thinly leafed branches thrust into the ground. Several fires were burning, and over them there were pots

[2] In working cattle the llanero ties one end of his lariat to his horse's tail instead of to the saddle, which often he may be lacking. The horses are trained to keep the rope taut after the animal is roped.

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

252 Several fires were burning, and over them there were pots containing turtle eggs. Several large turtles and small crocodiles were broiling over a fire. The shells of the turtles and the hides of the crocodiles had not been removed, and for a moment we thought that they were being cooked alive, but soon discovered that they had been killed before being placed over the fire. There was little else to be seen. It was easy to understand the reaction of the casual traveler who, upon coming in contact with a primitive group, stops, looks, and goes away quickly with the impression that there is nothing there more than the glance takes in.

123 609 On approaching the camp, Pedro, the guide, shouted words of greeting in Yaruro, "keramai" (brother-in-law). He patted some of them on the back, asked after their health in Spanish, called everyone brother or sister-in-law, and tried to make himself generally agreeable. Maria busied herself with the women. The Yaruros' only response to their demonstrations of friendship was to extend their arms half-heartedly, in a llanero gesture of greeting, and to answer their questions monosyllabically.

In spite of our friendly overtures they would not accept me as friend or guest. They remained reserved and aloof. The young man pointed out as the headman resisted my attempt to draw him into conversation. The Yaruros watched us closely, taking in our least movement, and only averted their gazes when we looked directly at them. If one has never come in contact with South American primitives before, such a reception is decidedly disheartening.

123 522 An accident relieved some of the tension. I picked up a bow. Choosing the remnants of an old basket about 50 feet away for a target, I took careful aim and shot the arrow. I missed by more than 10 feet. The eyes watching me lighted with amusement and contempt, for it was inconceivable to them that anyone could exist in this world without knowing how to shoot a bow better than that. I shot again and this time I came within 6 inches of hitting my mark, a feat which aroused some interest. I placed another arrow on the bow, raised it, pulled back the string, as far back as my ear, and then, with a loud snap, the bow broke. Laughter greeted this exploit, not so much directed at me as at the owner of the bow who had spent several days fashioning it. He was adequately compensated but that did not remove his feeling of resentment.

123 That evening we again visited the camp. The camp fires were low, so we were scarcely able to see our way about. Pedro and Maria sang out cheery greetings, while we picked our way between scarcely distinguishable groups of humanity and piles of debris. A few grunts and a few indifferent gestures of greeting were the only acknowledgments of our presence. Even the distribution of several yards of tobacco failed to melt their reserve. They did, however, put up a

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

hammock for me. They preferred to lie half buried in the sand, both for warmth and for protection from the mosquitoes.

Some of the bolder young men asked for rum. I had none with me. All along the road I had been told that rum was the only means of inducing the Indians to dance, but an ethnologist's work cannot be based on such an approach.

Through the diplomatic efforts of Maria, the Yaruros consented to sing and dance a little. I was able to arouse their interest in my flashlight, and to arouse their modesty and bewilderment when I flashed it upon them. My compass also drew an excited jabbering circle about me. But I was not able to engage them in conversation, and finally left them about midnight with the satisfaction that at least there had been no friction.

On the following day I sent them a pig, and later in the day again visited them. They were still shy and suspicious of me, but permitted me to go about the camp examining their artifacts.

There was not much to be done in this camp. The group was in a wretched state, still in mourning for their dead, living in fear of some fresh calamity, and although they were suffering hunger, too miserable to try to go back to the river where, at least, they would find food. Tribal customs prevented my engaging the old women in conversation and the men were too young and much too affected by llanero culture to tell me about their own people. Their advice, which I took, was to go farther south where we would find other Yaruro bands among whom I could find old men who could answer any questions.

I prevailed upon the leader of the band, Estaban, to accompany me. He was reluctant to go, not wanting to be separated from his young wife, and perhaps was afraid to trust himself alone with me. However, his desire for cloth and a mosquito netting was stronger than his fear. Estaban proved a loyal and faithful companion.

We found the next band encamped on a beach by the Capanaparo River. Here they were temporarily in the employ of a llanero engaged in building a house. For several days I had no more success with them than I had had with the other band, so during that time we studied whatever was on the surface. However, I was not doing all the studying. The Yaruros were watching me closely and weighing my statements carefully. During this time Estaban was busy building up my reputation. What impressed them most was that I did not ask for their women, and that all I wanted to do was to talk with them about themselves.

One night their attitude suddenly changed. I had been sitting for hours on the sands in the midst of these people, waiting for them to give me a sign of friendliness, but they were silent and apparently

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

123 resentful of my presence. Acting on a sudden impulse, I asked one of the men sitting near me for a gourd rattle. There followed a discussion among the men, and finally they decided to give me one. Without much heart, and no will, I began to sing a song of the Bororos of Brazil, accompanying myself with the rattle. It was the song of another tribe, and I sang it badly; but my unwilling hosts were listening, recognizing the musical pattern as being akin to theirs. I sang another when I had finished the first, and then still another, not failing to notice at the same time that they were listening carefully, and passing comments to one another. When my repertoire was exhausted, I placed the rattle on the sands and smoked in silence. Nothing was said for some time. Then a hand reached for the rattle and a voice said in Spanish:

"Ahora canto yo." (Now I will sing.)

533 The speaker sat on the sands, facing east. He began a song, the melody of which sounded as wild as the medley brought to us by the wind. His people joined us and, sitting behind him in a semicircle, took up the chorus at the end of every stanza. The song was first a murmur and then a shout, but maintained its steady rhythm. When the moon brightened the tropical night with its colorless light, sharpening the many shadows and turning the waving palm leaves into quivering ribbons of silver, the Yaruros forgot all about the stranger
535 in their midst. As though on a prearranged signal, they arose and began to dance, as they sang, around a pole. Women danced as well as men, and the children joined in too. They danced all night, and it was not until the sun rose above the hills of Guiana that they stopped to seek an hour or two of sleep before setting off on the daily task of hunting their dinner.

123 During the day I noticed that their fear of me had disappeared, but
791 it was not until that evening that I discovered the reason for the change. I gathered a confused tale that the one who had led the singing was a shaman. My singing and gourd rattling had indicated to him that I was a shaman also, since only the shamans use the rattle among the Yaruros. Furthermore, he had asked the Yaruro gods who I was, and the gods, as well as the spirits of the dead Yaruros living with the mother goddess Kuma, had instructed him to tell these primitive hunters that I was different from the "Racionales" (name applied to the "civilized" llaneros) and, as evidenced by my singing, that I intended no harm to them; in short, that I was a Pumeh, one of Kuma's people, and lived very close to her land.

772 From the recital of the night's performance I gathered that the Yaruro's universe is presided over by a female being called Kuma, who lives in the west and who waits for the living Yaruros to return to her land; that in some fashion the water snake and the jaguar are

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

considered to be their ancestorial relatives; that once upon a time the Yaruros were very many and now very few; that the Yaruros had been visited with great calamities the preceding year, and many of their people had died through sickness and other destructive forces.

Also, I learned that, though I could gather inklings of a rich spiritual culture and a good cross section of the material phases from this band, I had to go farther down river to meet the spiritual leaders of the remnants of this race if I wanted to reach the heart of the Yaruros' religion, cosmology, mythology, and ethics.

In all of the primitive groups with which I have come in contact, certain individuals are recognized as the leaders and authorities, especially on such matters as religion and social organization. The younger people hesitate and often refuse to discuss such matters altogether, but age alone is not enough to qualify an individual as the mouthpiece of the group. The Yaruros were no exception. As soon as they grasped that I wanted to know a great deal about their history and culture they urged me to talk to "Landaeta", their leader and great "musico" or shaman. He, with his family, was hunting on the lower Capanaparo. They offered to guide me to him. Accordingly, we journeyed downstream by moonlight to avoid the heat of the day, and as I subsequently discovered, to avoid meeting with crocodile hunters.

About noon the next day we sighted several empty canoes drawn up on the bank, and knew that there must be more Yaruros nearby. We landed on the sandy beach and awaited their return. They came early in the afternoon, the men carrying turtles and crocodiles slung on poles, the women with baskets filled with changuango, leaning forward as they walked, looking not unlike grotesque apes under their heavy loads; and also, little children carrying their share of food, straggling behind. Upon seeing me they were frightened, but did not run away.

My Yaruro paddlers acted the part of mediators perfectly, for soon afterwards we were all embarked and moving downstream to join the main body of Landaeta's band which, I was told, was encamped several miles downstream. Their good humor almost amounted to gaiety. The three canoes moved steadily down the river, the men paddling hard, and the women sitting quietly and casting shy inquisitive glances in my direction.

We found Landaeta and his people on a large exposed wind-swept beach. There was the white sand, the strong wind blowing from the east raising it into dust clouds, and the intense glare from river and sand; a few water jars, a few baskets, several refuse heaps with buzzards feeding at them, canoes drawn up on the beach, and some

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

captive turtles; and a few human beings were sitting or lying in the midst of all this, and exposed to all of the elements.

Among primitive people news travels rapidly. Landaeta, in this case, received me with the air of one who was expecting a visitor and it turned out that my reputation had preceded me. Not only did he know that I was in the country, but also why I was there. He was expecting me in order to teach me his ways and the ways of his people, and to learn my ways and the ways of my people. To him I was a shaman, no different than himself, who knew their mother goddess intimately and who was perhaps related to the gods themselves. He asked me for pictures of Kuma and Kuma's land. I soon discovered that he was under the illusion that in some way I was on intimate terms with the Yaruro's god.

A little to one side a branch was planted in the sand, and lying in its thin shade a girl was waiting to die. She was burning with fever and delirious. Her people were hovering over her, without being able to alleviate her sufferings or to help her to the end of life. Her malady was a new one to them, passed on by the newcomers to their world, and therefore they had no remedy for it.

The sick girl was Landaeta's daughter and as one physician to another, he came to me requesting that I save his daughter from death. Being neither physician, magician, nor priest, I responded to his plea the best way I could. Lest I be drawn into a situation of attempting to cure a sick person without adequate knowledge of the sickness or its remedy, I moved off the same day to seek other Yaruros; but only after Landaeta had promised that he would commence his journey in the cool of the evening and rejoin me several days later.

It has often been said that to accept the promise of a primitive Indian is to abandon all thought of its being remembered. Perhaps it would seem that I put too much faith and trust in my friends in sitting down to wait for them to join me. But a promise made and accepted without coercion is to the Indian one that has to be kept; and, as in many other cases of my experience with primitive people, this one was kept.

That the feeling of suspicion had not disappeared completely was proven by the attitude of another hunting group which I visited. I went alone among them, and unarmed. On my arrival in a canoe, carrying no equipment, they sullenly warned me to keep away from them and their camp. However, good will is never unproductive, and when they saw that I merely squatted on the sands, shared my tobacco with them, said nothing, and then cheerfully paddled away, their hearts must have melted, for several days later they too had joined my band of friends, later becoming among those most deeply attached to me.

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

We camped on a large wind-swept beach on the Capanaparo and waited there for Landaeta. While waiting I made visits about the country, seeking out Yaruros wherever I could find them. In one nearby group I noticed that unlike most of the Yaruros, these had built permanent shelters, constructed similarly to the houses of the ranchers. However, there was one significant difference. With true Indian logic, they had left the walls open at the bottom, so that the wind could sweep through the house and keep it cool and free from insects.

One morning we embarked to visit a group led by Pablo Reyes, being on an island in the Orinoco, at the mouth of the Capanaparo. Pablo Reyes had been described to us as a very old and very wise man. Borrowing a small dugout, we set out to visit him, traveling mostly by night. On our way we saw and heard a great deal of animal and bird life, for the lower part of the river was less hunted by the Yaruros than the upper part. On the banks we saw numerous tracks of the cats, we saw many capibaros or "chiguires" and we were often serenaded by the roar of the howlers.

Our entrance into the Orinoco was dramatic. We were catapulted out of the swift waters of the mouth of the Capanaparo and staggered about among the powerful cross currents and eddies at the confluence of the two rivers. The east wind made travel no easier, as it was blowing a gale. On the far side of the Orinoco were the hills of Guiana, rough and jagged, with gnarled vegetation, and dark patches of jungle growth. There were several islands of odd shape, and one of them, about halfway across the Orinoco, was the Linda Bara, to which we made our way.

Encamped on this island we found Pablo Reyes' band and a number of "Racionales," that is, "civilized," Venezuelans of the llanos, who during the dry season take to living like the Indians, except that they clutter their shelters with civilized equipment. The result is that their houses are infested with parasites of all kinds. However, they too live upon crocodiles, turtles, and the eggs of the latter.

This portion of the Orinoco is, in late March and early April, the gathering ground of both Indians and Racionales. The region teems with turtles. By common agreement, stretches of the beaches where the turtles are known to gather in large numbers are not hunted until April, at which time the people dig up thousands and thousands of newly laid eggs out of which they make an oil for export. The center for this commerce is the little settlement of La Urbana, originally a Capuchin mission established about 1750.

Like Landaeta, Pablo Reyes had also learned of my coming, and was ready for me. He too is a shaman, and delights in speaking to a sympathetic listener about religious themes, of his conception of

Ir:Petrullo E-8 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

Without the aid of the Yaruros the crossing of the Orinoco would have been impossible. They are expert canoeists and safely ferried our baggage to the other side. Believing that I could handle a canoe, for by this time according to the Yaruros there wasn't anything that I could not do, since their gods had told them that I was one of them, I was asked to cross in an empty canoe, with the help of a 12-year-old boy. The canoe had several gaping holes in stern and bow about 10 inches in diameter. With serious misgivings, I embarked with the youngster paddling in the bow. Cross-currents, winds, and whirlpools made the half hour a very exciting one. Several times I gave up hope of crossing safely or of returning to our starting point, only to be encouraged by the laughter of my young companion who, when we were in extreme danger, would turn and grin happily at me. However, we crossed safely and soon afterwards we hoisted sail, which consisted of my mosquito net tied to an improvised mast, and with the east wind behind us and with gunwales even with the water, we went flying up the Capanaparo. Our sailing was far from being monotonous, for every few minutes it was necessary to use strength and skill to keep the canoe upright. Three days later we reached Landaeta's camp.

The trip to Urbana had been exciting and interesting, but I brought back with me ulcers on my feet which incapacitated me for the rest of my stay with the Yaruros. My feet, swollen to immense proportions and with open sores, refused to support my body, and I was forced to forego any further trips, short or long. My life consisted from now on, for about six weeks, of lying on the sand or in a hammock, surrounded by my affectionate friends, talking about the universe, the Yaruros, and their ideas.

In order to make it possible for Landaeta and his people to stay with me on this particular beach rather than move about in search of food, I turned over all of my food stock to them, which was consumed in two days, and thereafter they shared equally with me the products of the hunt. From that day on, I was completely in their care and Landaeta never left me. The burden of hunting fell on the younger men who went out every morning in search of crocodiles and turtles, of honey, palm nuts, roots, and fish. My illness was of great concern to the Yaruros. They did what they could to make me comfortable and they went to special trouble to bring titbits, such as honey and nuts. Landaeta and a woman shaman sang over me often. This illness was a fortunate event in a way, for it permitted an uninterrupted intimacy between us.

There is a sharp contrast between the simple primitive material culture of the Yaruros and the wealth and poetic intensity of the spiritual. The casual visitor would see merely a naked people plying

R: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

181 up and down the rivers in their canoes, or lying on the sand, feasting on crocodile or turtle. He would see stolid fixed faces, uncommunicative, affrighted. But if this traveler were to stay he would discover that from sundown to sunrise the Yaruro lives in an intensive romantic world which he cannot and rarely would care to share with anyone else.

576 787 821 We returned from the trip to La Urbana at sundown when bars of yellow, blue, and white light streaked the western sky. The Yaruros were sitting on the sands watching this phenomenon with a certain rapture. They sat quietly and in silence facing the west until the lights had faded and merged into a subdued golden glow. Then Landaeta came and greeted me affectionately. He spoke of what we had just seen in the western sky, explaining that it represented a greeting from the mother goddess Kuma, to her children the Yaruros and to me. The other men came also, and the women too put their arms about me, but the latter kept their faces averted as is proper in Yaruro culture. We settled ourselves on the sands. Small fires were burning with remnants of turtles and crocodiles broiling over them. The sands glistened in the moonlight that soon came upon us. Araguato monkeys roared in the distance. An occasional bird sang. Insects hummed. Toninos frolicking in the water came up to blow lustily. And Landaeta explained that these animals were also children of Kuma and that everyone in Kuma's world was glad that I had returned.

553 123 We smoked and Landaeta talked, recounting what his gods had told him about me; that now I was one of their family, and he affectionately called me "adjimai oteh" (elder brother), which became the standard form of address by all of his people. In return I was asked to call them little brother and little sister.

796 791 533 At a point Landaeta rose and walked away into the darkness. His son and nephew followed him soon afterwards. He returned after an absence of half and hour, wearing his shaman's ceremonial cap and breechclout. He went to sit on the clean white sands to the east of the camp, where he remained still and quiet for a long time. His wife went to him with a lighted cigarette. He smoked this in silence and alone. Finally he made a sign and his son and nephew rose immediately to plant a pole a few feet in front of him, and then retired again into the darkness. After some time Landaeta rose, and facing the east in front of the pole, continued to smoke in silence. It seemed a long time before he began to sing, softly and hesitantly, which time was measured by the rising of the stars. After he had finished two songs his wife approached him again, thrusting into the ground, close to the pole, a stick from which hung a small basket. Landaeta continued standing, facing the east and singing, pausing briefly between

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19 sia RC1

where they believe their gods live. It was only when the sun began to burn our bodies that they approached me to chat. They expressed their concern over my illness and soon busied themselves to make me as comfortable as possible. While I distributed among them a few presents bought for them in Urbana, and turned all of the food over to Landaeta, the younger men were busy building a sun shelter, an arbor of the sweet-smelling guava bush, though for themselves they had only branches thrust into the sands, giving only a thin shade. From now on, I was completely in their care, and they were careful nurses and tender friends. The best of the hunt was mine, and even the women delighted in taking care of my clothing, and in bringing me delicacies.

They were glad to see me, and the women shamans soon began their chants while the men surrounded me and told me in their own language and in broken Spanish what had occurred the previous night. Men are prohibited from singing during the day, but the women sit in swinging hammocks and chant their songs. I learned, too, that Landaeta's daughter had not died, for there she was, grateful and shyly looking at me, completely well. They attributed her cure to me, though I was not at all responsible for it. During the night, they told me, the gods had come among us, and told them that I, too, was one of Kuma's children, and again they insisted that I was related to them.

I learned that Puaná and Itciai are cocreators with Kuma, the mother goddess, and they are directly responsible for the actual creation of the world. Hatchawa, in the form of a litttle boy, is another god who has given mankind fire, the bow and arrow, and many other blessings. Now, when the shaman sings at night his soul leaves his body and travels to the land of Kuma, leaving his body behind. The gods may come then, enter his body in the form of songs, and transmit their messages to the Yaruros. They had come the night before to greet me and to reassure my friends of my goodness and my own powers of shamanism.

We sat, smoked, and talked all day. In the afternoon we feasted on crocodile, turtle eggs, wild roots, palm nuts, and honey. Finishing our dinner, we sat quietly facing the west, watching the skies. As the sun set low again, rays of gold, blue, and white shot into the sky from the horizon, and my friends rejoiced at this certain greeting of Kuma to us.

Darkness came upon us, and in anticipation of a long night of singing and dancing—I could sing but could not dance, since I could not stand up—I lay on the sands to rest before the beginning of the ceremonies, but the skies interested the Yaruros and they came to tell me what they read there. The brightness of the stars and the changing

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

781 Puaná stayed with us for about an hour and a half, talking most of the time about me.

And finally at about 5 o'clock Kuma herself came to visit me and, 787 like Hatchawa, urged me to drink of the shaman's drink. I had to 791 drink a gourd full of it, since it was held to my lips until I finished it. She gave me messages similar to the others. Finally other Yaruros came, and the shaman eventually returned, being greeted with affection by all. We stopped when the sun rose and began another day of primitive life. We had danced and sung almost continuously for 36 hours.

This was my reception among the Yaruros after my return from La Urbana. We talked day and night about religion, and about 606 the world in which we lived. I learned that a mother-in-law and 582 son-in-law must never look upon each other and never talk to each 604 other, though they must be careful to do each other service; that a man must marry his first cousin, and that socially he is under obligation to his maternal uncle who later becomes his father-in-law. Under Landaeta's tutelage the material in this report was compiled. In a sense, therefore, this is his report.

124 One day I announced to Landaeta that I would have to leave in the 123 near future, giving as a reason that my wife and child needed me at home. Actually, there were other considerations; my physical condition was becoming worse, though the sores on my feet were a little better; and for the time being I had quietly exhausted the possibilities of obtaining fresh material from my friends. After all, we had been in contact with each other for six weeks, the major portion of it living communely and conversing with the shaman continuously day after day, sometimes even from sunrise to sunrise. My daily schedule consisted of rising at sunrise, drinking a little coffee sometimes brought to me by Landaeta, and immediately plunging into discussions of religious themes. This would last up to about 10 o'clock when Landaeta would withdraw and busy himself making string or carving gourds for several hours. During this period I would seek clarification of some points from whomsoever was present, or work on social organization, or on genealogy. In the early afternoon Landaeta would be back with new material, new ideas, having thought over what he had said, what I had said, and what still needed to be said. This would continue until sundown.

521 Then there was a short intermission for dinner, but soon afterwards I was hurried over to the eastern edge of the camp, where Landaeta and his people sat after dinner, and there we would sit while the women made cigars for us, talking about mythology, religion and general philosophical concepts. These discussions would last until 10 or 11 o'clock, and often much later, and not rarely shamanistic

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521 performances would be given which would last until sunrise. Therefore there was an intense exchange of ideas for relatively long times with no rest.

361 The time came when Landaeta became a little restless. He was not accustomed to camping on one spot for more than two or three days at a time and he himself had done no hunting since I had joined them. Besides, the men and women had to forage farther and farther away for food. If my physical condition had permitted, it would have been well to continue living with them, moving from place to place, as is normal.

123 152 However, I knew I had to return to civilization quickly. The effect of my announcement on my hosts was interesting, and touching. It will be recalled that I had appeared in their midst as a stranger and a potential enemy and it was through a fortuitous event that I was accepted by them, not only as a friend but as a relative who worshipped the same gods. Since then I had actually been given an affectionate place in their emotional lives and they were sorry to see me go. They understood the reasons that were making it urgent for me to leave, especially understandable was the fact that my "wife and child" who had not seen me for many months were waiting for me to return. Nevertheless, they expressed sorrow, a certain amount of listlessness began to appear and they would come to me and sit by my side, telling me that they would be a rather lonesome people after I had gone; that they liked to talk about religious matters, and that when I would no longer be there with them they would have no one to talk things over with. This attitude affected the men and women in a very curious way. We had very little food in the camp, but still they would not go out and gather fresh quantities. And when I urged them to do so they answered that the knowledge of my coming departure made them very sad, and consequently they did not have the proper spirit to gather food, or even to eat.

609 511 These people have very little in the way of excess goods. Each family has a few baskets, perhaps a water jar, a mat or two, scraps of clothing and their tools, nothing more. And these generally were in very poor condition from long use. Knowing that I wanted to take back with me some of these things, they became busy weaving hammocks, making basketry and even pottery, so that I would take back to my "wife and child" objects new and well-made. This reaction on their part was spontaneous and they all expressed the idea that I should take back with me only new, well-made articles to remember them by; so for about a week before my departure there was intense activity around camp.

The day of my departure finally arrived and I said good-bye. There was no ceremonial wailing as had attended my departure from the

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841 piece of cloth. (Among the peoples of the Xingu in Brazil she is made to wear her hair over her face, and she is kept from the sight of men.) Whether during this period special initiatory rites are performed I was not able to find out. This part of Yaruro culture is considered to be in the women's domain, and, being a man, I was kept from delving into it.

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MARRIAGE

527 The Yaruros are poor in social ceremonies. Anciently they may have practiced a great many of them but today social life is comparatively simple.

885 791 584 When a boy is ready to marry he may approach his father, or as a matter of fact, the father may approach the son. In any case he is sent to the shaman, who informs him that now he should be ready to assume the duties of a man, and proceeds to instruct him in the nature of those duties. He is told that he must love and cherish his wife; supply her plentifully with food, clothing, ornaments, and children; that he must never use harsh words toward her and that he must take care of her when she is sick; that he must never quarrel with her family, with whom he is expected to live; and of particular importance, that he must remember to take care of his father-in-law and mother-in-law. All of this is ordained by Kuma.

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584 585 791 The shaman will then approach the boy's uncle who has a marriageable daughter. No special ceremony seems to take place. The boy simply goes to live with the wife's family and assumes his duties of taking care of her as well as of his parents-in-law.

SICKNESS AND DEATH

751 757 Not much material was available on sickness. It must be remembered that the Yaruros have been in contact with European ideas for several centuries and that they understand the use of medicine for the cure of a specific illness.

753 756 Nevertheless, Kiberoh, the evil night spirit, is in some fashion associated with illness. If Kiberoh enters the body of a person, the latter will become ill. In such cases the only cure is the intercession of Kuma, who can be called upon to help by the shaman or musico, a term adapted from the Spanish to describe the singing shaman.

755 The sick person is laid on the ground with his head pointing to the east. At sundown the shaman will stand to the north of the sick person and will proceed to sing, accompanying himself with the rattle. The rest of the people, with the exception of any woman in her menstrual period, line up behind the shaman and sing and dance as they generally do during any of the shamanistic performances. If they indulge in any dancing, however, they do not go around a

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At night each family group lay on the sands
521 talking a little, laughing a little. I made it a custom of visiting every night, and usually the men gathered around. The women, keeping in the background, made all sorts of inquiries concerning my country and people, but always through the men.

831 One cannot live on intimate terms with a group of people a week
123 without learning something of their sexual attitudes. Only too often is this factor dangled in front of him, so that if he were to base his report on recurrent experiences and situations it would be largely made up of sex and sex problems. However, the sexual element is strongly present, but it is in normal cases a simple matter.

121 A simple matter but of exceeding importance if we are to believe the psychologists. Basic to life, and to social organization, the attitude toward it has its effect on the life of the individual and on the culture, but equal the make-up of the indidivual and the culture produces the sexual attitude.

836 To begin with, this writer does not know anything about the sexual development of Yaruro boy or girl. He does not know what secret sexual play the children may indulge in, nor does he know whether the unmarried girl has any sexual relations. He thinks that the un-
838 married do. He also thinks that there is some kind of homosexuality among the boys, and even the men. The following is based on what he observed, heard, and saw without any undue prying about.

857 The sexes are kept apart from infancy. A baby girl is launched
855 into her future career as a woman almost from birth. She is the
593 special care of the mother and women folk. When she is able to play she plays alone, with other girls, or with the women. She never plays with the boys. When she is able to work she helps her mother, never her father nor her elder brothers. She may be helped in her work by her brother.

593 It is impossible to claim that the attachment is stronger between the mother and children than between the father and daughter. It would be necessary to investigate the problem from the psychological point of view. But such is the case socially and economically.

The maternal uncle does to a certain degree substitute for the father, but this substitution is formal and social.

867 From babyhood the child learns his relationship to those about
602 him. One woman is its mother. She it is who gives suck, holds, etc. Later he learns that he must call other women mother also. These are the sisters of his true mother. One man he learns to call father. This man is the one who is most with his mother, in whose canoe
602 they travel, etc. Other men he calls father also, the brothers of his true father. Thus relationships are defined sexually, familiarly, and formally. In respect to girls of his own age he learns that some he calls sisters and others by terms whose equivalent may be rendered

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535 791 with the stamping of the right foot on the off-beat, but whenever the shaman is giving a really good performance his whole body responds to the dance and he may shake as violently as the rattle in his hand. His people may also throw themselves into a dance, making a series of jerky movements, bending from the waist downward and up again.

533 539 One of the typical songs of Kuma was a greeting to me. She said:

Greetings, man, greetings. Your wife is waiting. She is not dead, nor is she sick, but she is thinking that her husband has been away so long that perhaps he is dead. She is good and loves her husband who is sick, which is good. But it is good that he is with me (Kuma speaking) and with my people. He is a good man. He gives me a cigar. I shall give him a horse when he is born again in my (Kuma) land. I shall give him much silver when he is born again in Kuma Land. I love him, the good man, and I shall love him in my land. In the other land, my land, he gave me drink like you my people. Like you my people, everyone will come to my land, the Yaruro land.

FEMALE SHAMANISM

791 787 554 776 It proved impossible to learn much about those things in which the women are chiefly or exclusively interested. The shamans seem to be as influential among both sexes as the men are, and they seem to acquire their power and prestige through dreams or revelations in the same way as the male shamans do. In the case of the women it seems that India Rosa must appear in a dream rather than Kuma. In the legends it is India Rosa who taught the women the various arts and crafts, so in shamanism she is the chief spiritual power. During the day, both Kuma and India Rosa are pictured as resting in their hammocks. Because of that the women shamans sing sitting in their hammocks, swaying back and forth, during the day. Apparently it is believed that by imitating the picture of Kuma and India Rosa they can reach the two spiritual forces more easily. These shamans never perform at night, although they will sing with the male shaman when the latter is giving a performance.

535 791 534 The gourd rattle seems to be an instrument which only the shamans can use with immunity and as a means of conversing with Kuma. The women do not have these rattles. Their singing is done unaccompanied by any musical instrument or by any dancing. Dancing is performed only at night, when it is led by the male shaman.

609 123 The nature of the visions experienced by the female shamans remained unknown to me. As has been mentioned before, social intercourse between man and woman, unless closely related by blood or marriage, is prohibited. It is a social taboo which apparently is never violated and which no amount of bribery could break down. It seemed best to respect this custom, even though it were at the expense of remaining ignorant of many phases of Yaruro culture practiced by the women. So, in the case of shamanism, although the

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women sang to me and for me, I was not able to learn anything about their conceptions of the universe nor any other matter.

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On one occasion Landaeta, the shaman, invited Juan Bario's band to participate in a performance. The women prepared for it by painting the face with stamped designs—stamps smeared with oily stuff, stamped on the face, then the entire face, from eyebrows down, was covered with a thick coat of red ocher. It stuck where the grease was. The hair was worn in one braid down the back. They wore their best dresses.

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In anticipation of a long night, I lay down on the sands to rest, if possible. However, the skies interested the Yaruros. Landaeta and his people lay beside me to talk about the heavens. From that we passed to a discussion of Hatchawa, who, according to Landaeta, had said that I was well known to him and a good friend. In order to test the shaman I told him that I was anxious about my family whom I had left so long ago, and I asked him to find out about my wife, son, and general family from Hatchawa, which he promised to do. The conversation went back to the stars, and as the big dipper began to rise over the northern horizon Landaeta disappeared in the darkness. Soft conversation continued, and then came Juan Bario and his family to join us.

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A few words of warm friendship with Juan Bario and we went to joint Landaeta, who was sitting ready to begin. Landaeta had withdrawn to the west of the camp, and put on his shamanistic breechclout and head-cloth, which consisted of a sort of headkerchief. His son Brigido sat behind him; to the right of Landaeta sat Brigida, his wife, and next to her, her sister. Juan Bario and I sat back a little.

Unlike our own religious ceremonies, there was no attempt at artificial seriousness. The children played about noisily, without reproof, under the very nose of the shaman, some of the men jested and laughed, others conversed more quietly, etc. In other words, the imminent communion with the gods was an event of festive proportions, and no restraints were placed on the normal and natural behavior.

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Landaeta began to sing and he was accompanied by a few of the attendants. In the meanwhile small fires had appeared here and there, and at these were lighted the long green leaf-covered cigars. None smoked an entire cigar, following the general custom of sharing with the other fellow. The songs at first were accompanied with faint rattling of the macaua, but this became stronger and stronger as the shaman approached the Land of Kuma. Finally at midnight—almost on the stroke—the shaman announced in his song that he had reached the desired land. The singing became more intense, faster, and everyone seemed to take more interest.